AUGUST No.15 10¢

CRACK COMICS

THE CLOCK
IN ANOTHER
SMASHING
ADVENTURE

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STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
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MYSTERY Tales
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STRANGE WORLDS
BARNYARD COMICS
EERIE
CASPER CAT
CASH PRIZES GIVEN

WIN 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO
210 PRIZES GIVEN!
1st–2nd PRIZE
Enter Daisy's BIG ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST
RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE
GET FREE CONTEST TARGET—ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS
DAISY AIR RIFLES

THE BLACK CONDOR

BY LUCIUS K. FINE

AN EVIL GENIUS, FILLED WITH PRIDE, DARE HAVE FOUND HIS EQUAL IN A CRAFTY CROW! IN THIS TALE, THE BLACK CONDOR IS MADE TO CHALLENGE THE BLACK CONDOR IN MUSIC!

SEATED AT A TABLE, JASPER CROW, GENIUS OF CROOKED BUSINESS, NOW PLOTS THE RUINING OF A GREAT STEAMSHIP LINE.

VIBE'S CORE IN MIAMI ARE WENDY FORTUNE, HER FATHER, AND SENATOR TOM WRIGHT. WENDY'S FIANCÉ, WHO IS REALLY THE BLACK CONDOR, ONLY KNOWS ROBBER BARONS OF THE INVESTIGATION OF THE MURDERED SENATOR...

TOM, I'M-I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THE KIND OF WORK FOR ANIMALS!
AND HOW, WENDY! SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON AHEAD OF US?

AS WENDY STARES ON ROLLS TOWARD A STREET SCUFFLE...

TWO THUGS PUMMEL A YOUNG SEA CAPTAIN... A LARGE CAR STANDS AT THE CURB.
TAKE THAT, YA BIG APE!

IT'S NOT MY FIGHT, BUT TWO AGAINST ONE ISN'T EVEN GOOD ARITHMETIC!

SUDDENLY THE TWO HOODLUM ATTACKERS SLINK TO THE PARKED CAR WHICH ROARS OFF

TOM AIDS THE VICTIM.
HMM... MY OLD FRIEND JASPER CROW WAS IN THAT CAR!

WITH WENDY CRUZE WRIGHT SUPPORTING THE CAPTAIN AS THEY HAUL A TAXI,
SORRY I HAD TO LEAVE YOU SO ABRUPTLY WENDY!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, TOM. I'LL DROP OFF AT HOME. YOU GO ON WITH THE CAPTAIN, DEAR!

YOUNG CAPTAIN DIET REGAGAN TELLS HIS STORY
AND EVER SINCE CROW BOUGHT THE TWIN SEAS LINE, MY FATHER'S LINE HAS HAD TROUBLE. HE'S HIS BIGGEST COMPETITOR...
I SEE. AND I KNOW HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

AND HATRED IS WRITTEN IN THE FEATURES OF THE PLOTTER CROW.
THAT MEDDLING TOM WRIGHT AGAIN! I'LL MAKE HIS FINISH A HORRIBLE ONE!!

NIGHT FALLS ON MIAMI HARBOR

HARRIED MEN SLOW
ONCE THE HARBOR
OF A REGULAR SHIP
THE NORTH STAR

THERE! NOW TIE THE CHUMP UP... HE MIGHT COME TO AN' START SQUAWKIN'!
C'MON... HE'LL SEE WHO'S BELOW!

SOON THERE IS HURRIED ACTIVITY
AS HARRIED MEN STOW A STRANGE
CARGO AROUND THE SHIP.

NEXT MORNING CAPTAIN BRADY TELLS TOM WRIGHT ABOUT THE NIGHT ATTACK ON THE NORTH STAR.
YES... THEY SLUGGED OUR WATCHMAN AND FIVE OF THE CREW, AND WE LOST EARLY AN HOUR!
WORST IS, WE STILL HAVE THAT CROW ON BOARD!

AS WRIGHT WATCHES THE DEPARTING FREIGHTER,
IT'S A FEELING THAT THE BRAZILIAN COMPANY CAN'T COPE WITH THAT BIRD UNLESS...

HOURS LATER NEWS HEADLINES ALARMS THE GRAVE DEPARTMENT
YEP, CROW'S DIRTY WORK SURE TRUE TO FORM!
HAVANA OFFICIALS

AND SHADOWING THE DARTING OF THE WILD BEHAVIOR TOM WRIGHT NOW BECOMES THE BLACK CONDOR.
EVEN A CAT HAS ONLY NINE LIVES AND I'LL TURN AROUND DON'T HAVE UP YET!

A BRIGHT YELLOW MOON HANGS AGAINST THE MAN-BIRD AS HE WINGS OFF TOWARD HAVANA.

DARTEST CREATURE OF THE AIR, THE CONDOR SOON HOVERS OVER THE HAVANA MILITARY PRISON.

THE ANCIENT PRISON WALLS MAKE AN EERIE BACKGROUND FOR THE NOCTURNAL VISITOR.
REAGAN MUST BE IN THERE. SOON MY INSTINCT SHOULD DRAW ME TO HIS CELL BLOCK!
WHA'...?!! WHO ARE YOU... MAN OR DEVIL?
I'M THE BLACK CONDOR. WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH YOU?
FIRING SQUAD! THEY CLAIM ARMS ON MY BOAT WERE FOR REVOLUTIONISTS. THAT CROW DID IT!

OH, PAT! DAT REAGAN!

THE CONDOR WHIPS OUT HIS DREADED BLACK RAY PISTOL.
DON'T WORRY, PAT! NOW, STAND TO ONE SIDE!!

THERE GO THE BARS. NOW OUT YOU COME, PAT!!

I KNOW I'M DREAMING, BUT THIS IS BETTER THAN THE FIRING SQUAD!

THE FLYING MAN SETS DOWN ATOP A ROCKY SUMMIT IN THE FLORIDA KEYS...

WHAT, PAT.. THAT LIGHTED SHACK STRANGELY AROUSES MY CURIOSITY!

WITH CAUTIOUS APPROACH THE CONDOR NEARS THE ANCIENT STRUCTURE

THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A HIDE-OUT OF SOME SORT!

HIS SUSPICIONS ARE WELL FOUNDED INSIDE IS A DRUG CROW AND A VILLAINOUS BOLIVIAN GROUP

WELL, WE'RE RID OF REMAINS COMPETITION. THEY'LL PROBABLY BLOOD HIM!

YOU BROKE DOWN YOU WILL TAKE US OVER?

'TS PRETTY DANGEROUS BUSINESS, MIRANDA... BUT WHAT'S YOUR DEAL?

LISTEN! YOUR SHIPS WILL NEVER BE SUSPECTED, SENOR... AND MY GOVERNMENT WILL GIVE YOU A FORTUNE!

THE CONVERSATION DENOTES THE BLACK CONDOR WINGING BACK TO PAT BEAGAN...

C'MON, PAT! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

THE BLACK BIRD PITCH BIRLOOKS THE PLOTTERS' LAUNCH IN A SHEET OF FLAME...

NOW THEY WON'T REACH THE MAINLAND TILL THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE!

NEXT DAY IN A MIAMI RESTAURANT, EXCITEDLY PAT HAS CALLED SENATOR TOM WRIGHT...

HONEY! SENATOR THAT CONDOR CHAP JUST MELTED THOSE BARS AND FLEW ME HERE IN HIS ARMS!

GLAD HE'S ON OUR SIDE. LOOK OUT THERE!

IN THE NEARBY HARBOR A COAST GUARD AMPHIBIAN HAS LANDED. FROM IT SEVERAL MEN GO BY LAUNCH TO A WHALER.

THE EVENTS HERE AT AND PRESENT AS THE COAST GUARD LAUNCH DOCKS
BRINGING THE CREW AND THE GANG FROM THE ISLAND. THE COAST GUARD HEARD THE CONDOR BLOW ITS HORN!

THAT NIGHT ABOARD A REAGAN BOAT, THE GULF GULL, CAPT. BET REAGAN SPEAKS TO HIS OFFICERS AND MEN...
MEN... THE BLACK CONDOR WILL BOARD US PRESENTLY. YOU'RE TO DO EXACTLY AS I AM SAYING...

THEN OUT OF THE DARK SKY AND ONTO THE DECK COMES THE CONDOR WITH A LIVID COAST GUARD OFFICER UNDER ONE ARM
ALL SET, CAPTAIN REAGAN?
ALL SET. BLACK CONDOR FULL SPEED AHEAD, MEN!

THEN AT SEA THE GULF GULL OVERTAKES A JAGUAR CROW TWIN SEAS FREIGHTER
CAREFUL NOW, MEN... WE'RE GOING TO BOARD HER!

THAT REAGAN BARKS OUT...
STAND TO TWIN SEAS! WE'RE COMING ABOARD

THEN TO THE COAST GUARD OFFICER
I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO ACCOMPANY US, SIR!
YOU'RE CRAZY, REAGAN! THIS IS PIRACY!

SOON AFTER...
STOP WHERE YOU ARE, REAGAN, OR I'LL FIRE ON YOU!

BUT LIKE A DIVE BOMBER THE BLACK CONDOR WHISTLES DOWN TO THE TWIN SEAS DECK

THE DAMN DESTROYER BOMBS OVER TOUGH ISLAND MEN RIGHT AND LEFT...

KILL THAT FLYING DEVIL!
WHERE'S HE?
GET HIM FROM BEHIND!

THE BOARDING PARTY COMES OVER THE RAIL...
QUICK, PATT! GET DOWN TO NO. 4 HOLD!

THE CONDOR WHEELS JUST AS A MAN THROWS A HELL-FAMED KOUPE...
THAT NEARLY HAS BOOGIE BIT.

AAAAA!
...I THINK I'LL TOSS YOU RIGHT UP INTO THE CROWS NEST, SAILOR!

ROBIN FORCES THE COAST GUARD OFFICER TO A COMPROMISE
STOP LIVELY, OFFICER! I WANT YOU TO BE IN ON THIS!
YOU FOOL! EVERY MINUTE YOU'RE MAKING YOUR PUNISHMENT WORSE!

AS THEY REACH HOLD NO. 4...
I HOPE THE BLACK CONDOR IS RIGHT ABOUT THIS!

THE AMMUNITION

HAVING THUMBED ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF THE TWIN SEAS CREW, THE CONDOR NOW MEETS PAT REAGAN AND THE COAST GUARD OFFICER.

FIND THE EVIDENCE, GENTS!

PLENTY OF IT! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS ??

WHY... A BIRD TOLD ME A CROW IN AN ISLAND SHACK!!

CAPTAIN REAGAN, MY APOLOGIES! IN EXPOSING THE LINE YOU'VE DONE US A SERVICE... ALONG WITH MR... ER... CONDOR!

JUST A MILE OFF A FAST DESTROYER NOW APPROACHING

HEY, LOOK! THEY'RE FLYING THE REVOLUTIONISTS' FLAG!

THEN WITHOUT WARNING THE DESTROYER FLING SENDS A TERRIBLE SALVO INTO THE TWIN SEAS BOAT

HOLY SMOKE! THE SCREWY BUZZARDS ARE TRYING TO SINK THIS TUB!

WHY, IT'S AN ACT OF WAR! ARE THEY INSANE ??

HEAD THE BOAT FOR MIAMI! I'LL PAY THESE JOKESTERS A CALL!

MIDST THE TENSE EXCITEMENT ABOARD THE DESTROYER JAGUAR CRON NERVOUSLY SHOUTS AT MIRANDA, REVOLUTIONIST LEADER

I NO LIKE, SENOR CRON! FIRING LIKE THERE IS BAD BUSINESS!

BAH! I CAN SINK MY OWN SHIP IF I WISH. EVIDENCE MUST BE DESTROYED!

More thrilling adventures of The Black Condor in the September issue of CRACK COMICS

Molly the Model

Molly the Model

TOR THE MAGIC MASTER

WHEN THE STORM CLEARS THE THREE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK LOOK ABOUT THEIR NEW SURROUNDINGS.

LOOK – IN THE DISTANCE, A CASTLE!

YOU PEOPLE GO ON AHEAD. I'LL TAKE SOME PICTURES – THIS BEACH WOULD MAKE A SWELL LANDING FIELD!

IN THE CASTLE

TWO PEOPLE – MAN AND WOMAN WRECKED. SEIZE THEM AND PUT THEM IN THE TOWER!

BABCOCK AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE QUICKLY SEIZED AND IMPRISONED.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US – WE ARE AMERICANS!

SHUT UP! WE TAKE ORDERS FROM DR. SNAYKE ONLY!

LUCKY I SAW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE – IT'S TIME FOR ME TO BECOME TOR!

AS TOR, I SHALL PIT MY MAGIC AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL APPARENTLY LOOSE ON THIS ISLAND!

WHEN NIGHT FALLS TOR APPROACHES THE CASTLE!

SEOHS, EMOCEB NOITCUS SPUC!

CHANGING HIS SHOES TO SUCTION CUPS, TOR WALKS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

SILENTLY THE MAGIC MASTER SEARCHES THROUGHOUT THE CASTLE.

MAYBE MY TWO FRIENDS ARE IN THE TOWER!

TOM FINALLY LOCATES BABCOCK AND HIS DAUGHTER

SH-SH! DON'T BE ALARMED!

WHO—

BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES TOM APPEARS INSIDE THEIR CELL!

WHO ARE YOU?

HAVE YOU SEEN JIM, THE PHOTOGRAPHER?

I'M TOM, THE MAGICIAN—AND YOUR FRIEND BLAKE IS SAFE. HE TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED. NOW—DO AS I SAY AND WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!

WHEN THEY SHOW COMPLETE TRUST IN HIM, THE MAGICIAN DISPERSES

KCOCBAS DNA EPOH UOY ERA WOH OWT ECIM!

AS THE MAGIC MASTER COMMANDS, THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER BECOME TWO WHITE MICE AND CRAWL UNDER THE DOOR!

NOW WE'RE OUT OF THE CELL—CLIMB ON MY SHOULDER!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND SEE WHO THIS VON DRAYKE IS!

CAUTIOUSLY STALKING PAST GUARDS AND SENTRIES—

TOM COMES UPON A BANQUET HALL WHERE A PARTY IS GOING FULL BLAST!

COME ON, FRITZ, GET ANOTHER BARREL OF BEER!

HERE'S TO OUR LEADER AND TO THE DAY WHEN OUR FLAG SHALL WAVE OVER THIS ISLAND! AS FOR THOSE PRISONERS IN THE TOWER—FEED EM TO THE SHARKS!

SHARE WITH FURTHER THE MARVELOUS FINDS OUR ENGINEERING AND MARVEL IMAGINATION

IT WILL BE TOO BAD FOR YOU SHARKE WHEN UNCLE SAM FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS!

I'LL TAKE A COUPLE PICTURES ANYWAY. THIS CAMERA WORKS SWELL IN THE MOONLIGHT!

NOW IF I CAN FIND THEIR RADIO BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

AH! THEIR BROADCASTING EQUIPMENT!

DIDAR, TSACDACRB OT EHT DETINU SETRTS TEELF!

AT TOKI'S WHISPERS THE PORT RADIO BROADCASTS TO THE U.S. PACIFIC FLEET!

FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP IS MANEUVERING!

THE RADIO OPERATOR SUDDENLY RECEIVES TOKI'S MESSAGE!

WHAT THE—!

A MESSAGE FROM TOKI AND SAYS THE ISLAND IS IN THE HANDS OF FOREIGN AGENTS!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT— FULL STEAM AHEAD!

Follow Tim, Magic Master, in the September issue of CRACK COMICS

THE RED TORPEDO

BY DREW ALLEN

MEANWHILE AROUND THE PLANE...
SAY! LOOK! IT'S THE TED TOMASSO BOYS!

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE! I'LL GO UP AND GET HIM.

I'LL SHOOT THROUGH THE PLANE AND CRIPPLE HIM!

SOME OF PLANES ARE STRANDED. I'M STUCK!

SMART ALEC! I'M TAKING YOU TO OUR SECRET BASE AND THEN...

THIS TIME LOSING ALICE IS NOTHING MY CHANCE!

HERE GOES!

THE SHARK REACHES THE AND TOMASSO'S CRAFT.
HE GOT AWAY! HE'LL OVERBOARD PROBABLY

ABOUT THE TIME THE RED-CHINESE DESERTERS FROM THE SHIP IN A SMALL LANDING
AND NOW WHERE AM I?

SEARCH THE ISLAND! HE AINT DROWNED HES BOUND TO LAND HERE!

I'LL MAKE A LOOK AROUND

HERE HE IS. HEY! SURROUND HIM THERE!

DON'T SHOOT HIM — WE'LL HAVE HIM INTACT! GET A ROPE, SERGEANT!

KEEP HIM COVERED, MEN! REMEMBER ACT OF TREAS AND FASTER THAT ROPE!

NOW, WHO YOU'RE LOOKIN' DOWN, BUT MEN!

OH, HELLO!

CHIEF, I HAVE A NARROW ESCAPE!

HE'S SURE TO FIND HIS CRAFT AND TRY TO ESCAPE IN IT. COME, SERGEANT, YOU AND I WILL CAPTURE HIM THERE AND CUT THE DEVIL!

A LITTLE LATER...
THERE'S MY CRAFT AND THEY'VE CUT IT FREE FROM THE PLANE!

HERE HE COMES! NOW, REMEMBER, NO SHOOTING! WE WANT HIM ALIVE!

EASY NOW, RED... YOU'RE OUR PRISONER HANDS UP!

THE RED TORPEDO DIVES INTO THE SEA!

HELLO, SHARK. I'M ON MY WAY AND YOU'RE COMING ALONG. GET INTO MY TORPEDO!

HOLD FAST, SHARK! WE'RE GOING ALOFT!

Another exciting episode of The Red Torpedo in the September issue of CLACK COMICS.

EEK!
EEK
BOOK
AN ELEPHANT?

SPACE LEGION

YAKOR?? BUT I FORBADE HIM TO COME TO THIS MEETING!

HA! HA! NO ONE CAN TELL YAKOR WHAT TO DO! IF I CAN'T SHOW MY EXPERIMENTS, THERE WILL BE NO OTHERS IN THIS HALL TONIGHT!

THE MAD SCIENTIST HURLS HIS BOMBS ACROSS THE ROOM
BOOM!!

YOU FIEND! YOU'VE BLOWN UP THE ACADEMY, RUINED YEARS OF RESEARCH!

LATER
YAKOR, THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE FOR MEN LIKE YOU. YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO AN INSTITUTION FOR THE INSANE

THEN, FOR OVER TEN YEARS, THE WORLD FORGOT THE DANGEROUS DOCTOR WHOSE HOME WAS AN ASYLUM ON THE MOON

BUT ONE NIGHT THE EARTH WAS TERRIFIED WITH FEARFUL NEWS: YAKOR ESCAPES!

THE DAYS LEADING TO COMBAT THE GREAT ONE THE MAD MAN HAD LEFT EARTH, HEADING TOWARD MARS IN A STOLEN ROCKET SHIP

HA-HA! I'M FREE! THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE AGAIN. WHAT'S THAT?

A LEGION SHIP!

HALT OR I'LL FIRE!

TURN BACK OR I'LL BLAST YOU OUT OF THE SKY! I HAVE A RAY GUN ON THIS SHIP!

O.K. BROTHER YOU ASKED FOR IT!

MAJOR VICTORY WITH A SINGLE ATOMIC BLAST

"THAT" WAS CLOSE. ONLY A MADMAN WOULD CHALLENGE THE SPACE LEGION

TOM WINGFIELD THE TWO SUPERZOOM AND DINE IN A SUPERNIC DUEL

HA! HA! HA! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU!

AS THE CRIPPLED SHIP FALLS EARTH-WARD TOM WINGFIELD SPIES DISEMBARKING

LOOKS LIKE THE END FOR HIM!

BUT AS SHADOW FLIES AWAY

I'LL HAVE REVENGE... I'LL HAVE REVENGE!

AND FIVE YEARS LATER A THIRST OF VENGEANCE IN HIS HEART, STALKS THE EARTH...

Read The Space Legions in the September issue of CHARLTON COMICS.

JANE ARDEN

JANE ARDEN

Jane Arden is mentioned in the September issue of CHACK COMICS—on sale July 15th.

Alias the Spider

HERE OF THE DISASTER IS
FIRST CRACK AT THE PRESSURE
CONTROL ROOM AT THE TUNNEL
ENTRANCE
ANOTHER BLOW
LIKE THAT AND THE
THE PRESSURE
YOU'VE GOT THAT'S
GONE

THIS MAKES
THE FLAMES
ANOTHER AND
THE TUNNEL WILL
BE ABANDONED
AND THE
THE EMER-
GENCY
MOTORS

OH OH, THERE
GOES
THE
LIGHTS

BEFORE THE STRENGTH
OF THE ELEVATOR
SHUT IT THE TUNNEL
BLOW

THEN ON LOUIS COMES THE SPARK

AT SEVERAL MEN
SEE THE SPARKS
STREAK AFTER THE TUNNEL
HEY HANSEL, YOU'VE
GOT MORE JUICE THAN
AN MAN. HOW THE H
THE EFFECT THE
TUNNEL WALL AND
OUR OTHER MEN SAFE
OUT HERE
"I SPOKE"

LAST
STOP

YEAH, MAKE IT KINDA
SCARES ME TH' CREEPS
GET THE ELEVATOR UP
WE'RE GOING DOWN AN
SEE IF WE CAN HELP
WE CAN USE
EMERGENCY HELMETS
BOSS
"OL OFF
YOUR
HEAD"
SHUT UP
WE GOTTA
MAKE IT
LOOK GOOD

MEANWHILE THE SPARK
HAS MADE THE NORTH
CHAMBER

WELL—HERE GOES!

THAT WAS CLOSE

TOO A GOOD JOB FOR HAMEL!

THAT MEANS WE GOTTA GET RID OF THOSE PLATES FOR GOOD

OH OH! THEY'RE BLOCKING AT 5 AGAIN
WELL, YOU CAN PLAY THAT GAME

LOOK OUT!

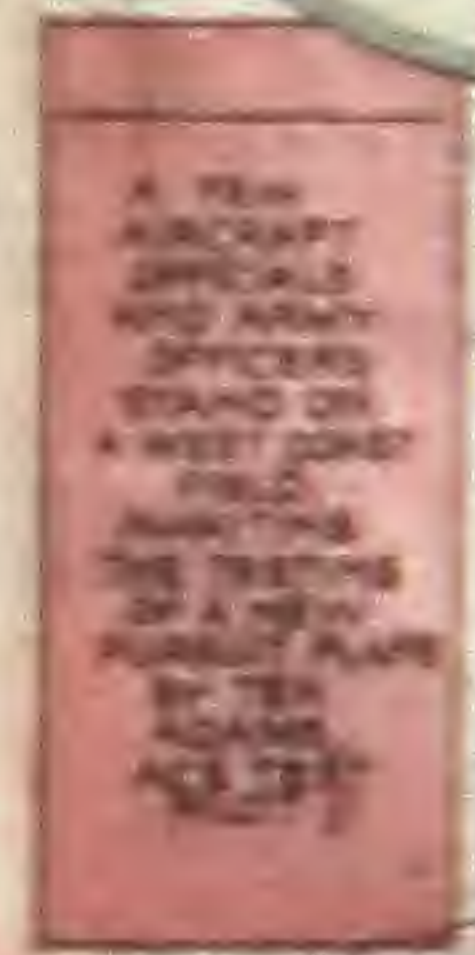
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MOVE ON

GOOD! I'LL GET THE LOOT OUT IN THIS PLACE SOMEHOW! AS SOON AS I DO, GET THROUGH THE EMERGENCY DOOR

Another installment of John The Spider in the September issue.

SPIT-FIRE

By A. McWilliams



NOW!

THE TINY PURSUIT PLANE DIVES EARTHWARD, THE NOTE OF THE MOTOR RISING TO A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM!

TEX AUTOMATICALLY JOTS THE INSTRUMENT READINGS DOWN ON HIS KNEE-PAD

ALL OKAY SO FAR... EXCEPT THAT BLASTED OIL GAUGE! MAYBE IT'S JAMMED DUE TO THE SPEED... I'M HITTIN' OVER 500 M.P.H.

SUDDENLY—HOT BLACK OIL STREAKS BACK FROM THE ROARING PLANE...

...FOLLOWED INSTANTLY BY BRIGHT TONGUES OF FLAME!!

LOOSE ON THE PLANE BEFORE WITNESS TEX'S PREDICAMENT.....
WHY DOESN'T HE BAIL OUT?

GET TEX ON THE RADIO!! ...TELL HIM TO BAIL OUT! THAT'S AN ORDER!

CAN'T BAIL OUT... I'LL LEAVE THE SHIP NOW IT MIGHT CRASH IN THE CITY!!

I'M TAKING HER OUT OVER THE PACIFIC BEFORE I JUMP....!

...IF I CAN GET HER OUT OF THIS DIVE AND HEADED IN THAT DIRECTION

GET THIS AMBULANCE ROLLING TO WHERE HE'S HEADING... THE COAST ROAD- STEP ON IT...!

SIREN MOANING, THE BIG AMBULANCE ROCKS OFF IN PURSUIT OF TEX... FOLLOWED BY THE ARMY STAFF CARS....

GOSH! I'M OUT OF THE DIVE....BUT I HAVEN'T ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO RISK BAILING OUT!

I'LL HAVE TO TRY LANDING HER.... BUT QUICK....!! THIS CRATE IS GETTING HOT!!

TEX COMES IN OVER THE BEACH AT A TERRIFIC PACE....DESPERATELY HE PUSH-PULLS TO CUT DOWN HIS SPEED....

I SURE HOPE THAT SAND IS PACKED HARD....HERE GOES!

THE BLAZING PURSUIT SHIP TOUCHES THE BEACH... THEN LOSES CONTROL AND PLUNGES INTO THE SURF!

FASTER.... HE'S DOWN!
FASTER, SIR? WE'RE DOIN' EIGHTY-FIVE!!

PULL UP, DRIVER!! I SEE A NO HOW...

IS HE OKAY? CAN YOU SEE HIM?

HI, BOYS!

HERE'S YOUR AIR-PLANE! SLIGHTLY SCORCHED, BUT STILL FLYABLE!

I DIDN'T LAND HER ANY TOO SOON EITHER—THE CONTROL CABLES WERE BURNING AWAY!!

THE FIRE WASN'T THE FAULT OF THE PLANE'S CONSTRUCTION.... THE FUEL LINE BROKE!—HERE'S ALL THE DATA MAJOR—IT'S A PLANE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANY MANS ARMY!

YOU SHOWED US SOME EXCELLENT FLYING TEX.... I DON'T KNOW OF ANY OTHER FLYER WHO COULD VE LANDED THAT SHIP!!

Follow Spitfire in the September issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale July 15th.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

NED BRANT

Ned Brant is continued in the September issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale July 15th.

There was much wailing in the lodges of Flat Nose. The melons and maize and beans drooped on their deadened stems. The brown earth was like hard.

Rain! Would it ever rain? The Great Spirit had hidden his face and the land of the Hopis was dying. The sheep were dying. Soon Flat Nose's people would be dying.

Each day, for two moons, the Hopis had held a sacred ceremonial beseeching the rain god. But the rain god did not hear. Not a cloud appeared in the coppery sky. Not a rumble of thunder. Death was near.

One day Wise Beaver walked onto the council chamber as the elders, were passing the pipe. Wise Beaver's eyes were red-rimmed. His dark skin was burned an ebon shade. Dust caked his face.

"My fathers," he said, "the Great Spirit is angry and I have found the reason. It is not the Hopis who is to blame; it's the white man. I have ridden four suns to the westward. There, the crops are green and the sheep are fat. It is because the white man has used strong medicine to anger the rain god against his children. The white man has taken all from us."

The chiefs nodded gloomily, and several affirmative "Ughs" issued from thin, dry lips.

Flat Nose said, "My son has a remedy."

Wise Beaver nodded emphatically "I have, O Father." Then Wise Beaver set forth his plan. It was simple. The Hopis and Navajos would join forces and wipe out the white-skinned devils!

Stanson Barclay, owner of the Crossed T ranch, glowered at Mike Donley, his top-hand.

"More of 'em poisoned, huh? Who's doin' it?"

Mike shook his head. "We figger it's the dang Hopis. Seen. We got more of north valley herd onto another grazin' plate last night. Course, they'll poison all the water if they see they're gettin' away with it."

Barclay hunched his heavy shoulders. "Well, we gotta stop it, or we'll be wiped out. Double the night force, Mike, an' keep more eyes peeled. These Hopis are crafty devils."

Two days later, the cowboys saw a long, black plane circled through the dark. Arrogant Eric Yale, roving adventurer and secret member of a business syndicate, gazed down. Large his eyes he roared upon the dark terrain far below. For two hours he had not seen a light, and his gas gauge showed almost empty. He'd have to land within a few minutes, or crash.

"Ah!" he said a moment later. He banked, swooped down, circling his ship at the splash of light that glimmered a few miles ahead. "Hope it's one of those dude ranches," he muttered. "They'll have gas."

He snapped on a powerful searchlight and headed for a fairly level field. His wheels

weren't exactly a perfect job, but the landing gear held. He cut the motor and climbed out. There he strode toward the lighted ranch house a quarter mile off.

Stanson Barclay was ordinarily a genial man. He was glad to see Eric Yale.

"Heard about you," he said. "Jumpy around quite a bit, huh? How the heck do you make so many miles?"

"Fly, usually," Eric grunted. "Ran out of gas over your place."

"Got plenty gas here," Barclay told him. "Sleep out it tonight and tomorrow we'll look around. Seldom get visitors out here."

Eric liked Stanson Barclay. The next morning, in the rancher's office, Eric heard the story of the poisoned sheep.

"Someone trying to freeze you out?" Eric asked.

Barnley shook his head. "Sure, I guess it's the hideout Hopis. You see, we haven't rained in this country for almost three months, so the redskins crops are burnin' up. It's natural Indian deduction to blame everything on the whites."

"Pretty rough not to crack, boys!" said Eric. "I don't know much about Indian psychology, but do you think it'd do any good if I fly over and pass some words with their chief. Does he speak Great?"

"Sure, Gappy old cyan, through. But you can't hain anything by invite. It's just one to cause killing."

Eric and the rancher took off a little later and winged over the valley of the Hopis a couple of times before landing a short distance from Flat Nose's council chamber. By the time they had climbed out of the ship several hundred angry Indians were milling about the plane. Eric raised his right hand and after a moment there was quiet. Eric had suddenly got a flash of an idea.

"Friends," he said, "I have shot the clouds of my brothers are dying from lack of rain. Do my brothers think this is the fault of the white man?"

Sullen growns followed this. Then Flat Nose stepped forward.

"The white man has taken our lands, our water, and forced us to live in bad lands where the grazing is poor. Our sheep are dying. The white man's medicine is a manger. The Great Spirit has turned his face away from the Hopi who has lived at peace with him for many years. Now —" Flat Nose paused, and an ominous murmuring rose in the crowd of dark-skinned men. One of them shouted angrily.

Eric waved his hand again for silence. "I am here to help my brothers," he said — "to bring peace and plenty once more to them. And here is my plan: If rain falls before this day is ended, will my brothers be satisfied?"

Barclay groaned. "What the dickens are you tryin' to do, Vale?" he demanded in a stage whisper. "Are you plumb crazy?"

Flat Nose was nodding his head, and suddenly cheers broke out. Yes, they would be satisfied if rain fell. They would be at peace with their white brothers!

Barclay groaned again. "What kind of cow-cow did this hatchetsmith kid? There was no more chance of that falling today than there was of a glacier forming in the valley!"

When Eric had again assured the Hopis that he would bring rain, the two white men climbed into the plane and took off.

Barclay was silent for the first few minutes. "I don't get it, pronghorn," he bit off. "Just exactly how crazy do you go in all in a bucket of a fix. You being sane?"

Eric grinned. "I can try," he stated. "Know a chap up in Canada who does the trick. I've remembered his exact back there ... got any dynamite on the ranch?"

"Yeah, sure. What you aim to do, blow the dam up and turn all the water into the other end of the valley?"

"No," Eric said. "Although that would certainly give the Indians water, wouldn't it?"

"An' cut off our total supply," Barclay snapped. "Ah, no, young fellah!"

"Well, that isn't my plan, Mr. Barclay. I want about fifty sticks of dynamite, and I don't go near the dam."

Eric worked an hour in Barclay's well-equipped shop, then he stowed a score of odd-looking packages in the plane. He took off immediately, leaving behind a bunch of mystified ranchers.

Circling, he passed almost directly over the valley. And a few minutes later, the people below heard a terrific explosion that came from the clouds. Again and again the detonations rocked the hot atmosphere. What the idea was nobody knew.

Eric circled the entire valley and blew a score of holes through the clouds. Then he set down a mile out of Flat Nose's hogan. The Indians crowd him with outspoken fear and distrust. Was he a god? Or demon? He had created cloudbursts ...!

The Indians stood silently, patiently watching the young Eric. And suddenly all such was heavily observed. A small mass of darkish clouds were piling up at the north end of the valley.

Then the rain came! A deluging downpour, accompanied by terrific claps of thunder and vivid lightning. It kept up for a good hour, such a storm as the Indian people had not seen in many a moon.

Eric grinned. A soft chant started in the ranks of the redmen. It grew in volume, swelling above the sound of the gradually lessening rain.

"Well," laughed Eric to himself, "I guess I will be known henceforth as a rainmaker!"

He thought his stars that the crack had worked. In Canada a few years before, a man had done this same thing, and promised to do it. He had become famous as a rainmaker. It was physically simple and easy of explanation. The explosions set up cross-currents that disturbed the normal functions of the atmosphere—such as a bank of lightning does. Heat and cold air collided. And the rear doors of heaven supply opened.

Power had come to the Hopis!

LAKE OF MISSING MEN
ANOTHER EPIC SKY ADVENTURE
IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
Crack Comics
ON SALE JULY 16TH

Don't miss Rube Goldberg's Side Show in the September issue of CRACK COMICS.

MADAM FATAL

FIERY-EYED THE CRIMSON VULTURE SPREADS TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE CITY'S WEALTHY ... ENJOY THE CHILLING EFFORTS OF MADAM FATAL, PLAYED BY RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR, SUCCEED IN SCHEMING DOWN THIS BIRD OF PREY ...

NO! IT'S A TRICK—BUT HOW CAN A STUFFED BIRD TALK? NO! IT CAN'T MEAN HE—I'LL CALL THE PO—
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

MEANWHILE, THE CLAWED MONSTER LEARNS AT REED'S TARGET.....
DIE YOU FOOL—AND LET THIS BE A WARNING TO OTHERS!

AS THE LIFELESS BODY OF REED LIES ON THE FLOOR, THERE IS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION.....

MYSTERIOUS BILLING OF WEALTHY SPORTSMAN
POLICE BELIEVE REED COMMITTED SUICIDE

ONE WEEK LATER—AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
WELL—TWO MORE RICH MEN HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE SINCE REED'S DEATH, BONERS!
I'M NOT SURE THEY MADE SUICIDES, STANTON.... I EXAMINED THOSE MEN AND FOUND EVIDENCE OF CLAWLIKE MARKS AROUND THEIR THROATS... THERE'S SOMETHING TO THAT STUFFED BIRD GAG.....

AT STANTON'S HOME.
CLAWLIKE MARKS, EH? GUESS I'LL CALL ON ROTHERTON BLAKE.... HE'S NOT BEEN BOTHERED YET!
STANTON RECEIVES MADAM FATAL.

AT HIS HOME, THE RICH ROTHERTON BLAKE PRESENTS MADAM FATAL TO HIS DAUGHTER, NELLIE.....
I KNOW YOU.... YOU'RE AN OLD FRIEND OF DADDY'S!
RIGHT, NELLIE!

DADDY—LOOK!
GREAT SCOTT! THE CRIMSON VULTURE!

YOU WILL PUT ONE MILLION IN CASH INTO A CORN BOX AND DROP IT INTO SWAN LAKE... IF YOU FAIL—YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO REED AND THE OTHERS—HAHAHAHA!!

AS THE VAULT DOOR FLIES OUT THE WINDOW IT DISPLACES.

LOOK! A MAN WAS HIDING OUT BEFORE THE EXPLOSION GOT HIM!
HE MUST BE IN A TUBE!

CHEE, LADY—HOW DID YA KNOW DAT THING WAS GONNA BLOW UP—THE BOSS!!
HE'S DEAD, BLAKE—KILLED BY THE TIME MACH. WAS ABOUT FOR US!
UGH—

JUST AS NELLIE MANAGES AWAY FROM HER FATHER AND MADAM CETAL...
GOT HER!
DADDY!
LET'S GO PUG!

IT'S NELLIE!
TWO THUGS ARE CARRYING HER AWAY...
C'MON, MADAM RETAL!

AT THIS MOMENT DETECTIVE JIM POWERS WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING THE BLAKE HOME, CAMES ON THE SCENE...
GOOD NEWS! THEY'VE GOT NELLIE BLAKE!

THERE THEY GO! THEY TOOK THAT OTHER FELLOW WITH THEM!
THAT WAS DETECTIVE POWERS – THE CRIMSON VULTURE MENTIONED SWAN LAKE! SOMETHING TELLS ME THEIR HIDEOUT MUST BE NEAR THERE!

THERE'S SWAN LAKE – WHAT NOW?
LOOK! THAT OLD DILAPIDATED HOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT... IT'S JUST A HUNCH! BUT LET'S GO!

AS THEY APPROACH THE HOUSE....
IT'S THE RICH BLOKE AND TH' OL' LADY! GOOD 'EM!
OH OH –!!

DON'T GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT, BLAKE! NELLIE'S IN THERE!
RIGHT!

BUT THE MEN ARE TOO STRONG FOR THEM....

THEY ARE TAKEN TO THE OLD HOUSE AND LED DOWNSTAIRS.
NOBODY'LL FIND YA DOWN THIS CELLAR... HA-HA!

GREAT SCOTT! THE LAIair OF THE CRIMSON VULTURE!!!
YEEW!

COME IN! SO – THIS OLD LADY HAS BEEN GIVING YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE, EH BOYS!

PERHAPS YOU WILL REMEMBER BARADA THE MECHANICAL GENIUS WHO WAS AN EX-CONVICT. I SWORE I'D GET REVENGE WHEN I GOT OUT! HERE YOU WILL SEE MY TOY WHICH WILL BLOW UP ALL THOSE WHO REFUSE TO OBEY!

Another exciting adventure of Madam Fatal in the September issue of CRACK COMICS.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED

Buy CRACK COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

SNAPPY

More of Snappy in the September issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale July 16th.

The CLOCK

by GEORGE E. BRENNER

AND INTO THE ROOM WHERE THE CORONER IS PREPARING AN AUTOPSY---
THE STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES OF THE HARDENED CAPTAIN SHUDDERED AT THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM---
UGH! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE--
HOW ANYONE COULD MUTILATE A VICTIM TO THAT EXTENT-- IT'S THE WORK OF A MANIAC!
NOT THE WORK OF A MANIAC, CAPTAIN--
THEN WHAT, MR. CORONER?
GAD, MAN-- GET SPECIFIC. WHAT KIND OF AN ANIMAL!
AN ANIMAL!
A WOLF!
A WOLF?
YES--TEETH AND CLAW MARKS BEAR OUT MY THEORY!
NO CORONER, A WOLF CAN'T OPEN A SAFE AND STEAL MONEY AND SIGNS!
TRUE, CAPTAIN--
BUT WHETHER THE MOTIVE WAS ROBBERY OR NOT, BOLTON WAS KILLED BY A WOLF!

AND FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, A SERIES OF MURDERS COMMITTED BY A WOLF PUTS THE POLICE DEPARTMENT AT THE MERCY OF THE PRESS-

MAD WOLF CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM.

A. B. CEDDES, THE EVENING STAR'S LARGEST STOCKHOLDER IS THE WOLF'S 6TH VICTIM.

THE SLACK EFFICIENCY OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT MAKES THIS CITY RESEMBLE A JUNGLE IN DARKEST AFRICA.

MAYOR BOODLE, AT THE REQUEST OF THE PEOPLE, DEMANDS ACTION IN 24 HOURS OR THE DEPARTMENT WILL SUFFER A DRASTIC SHAKE-UP!

THE PRESS AND THE MAYOR-THEY BOTH MAKE ME SICK. MY MEN HAVE BEEN WORKING 24 HOUR SHIFTS SINCE BOLTON'S DEATH!

I'VE CHECKED WITH EVERY ZOO IN A RADIUS OF 100 MILES, AND NOT ONE REPORTS A WOLF ESCAPING- THIS CASE HAS ME BACKED AGAINST A WALL - I GIVE UP!

AND IN THE HOME OF BRIAN O'BRIEN, ALIAS THE CLOCK!

PUG, IN ALL MY CAREER, I'VE NEVER BEEN FACED WITH ANYTHING LIKE THIS- I'M STUMPED!

YOU AND ME BOTH, BOSS-

AND AT THE RATE THIS THING IS KILLING BOODLE, HE OUGHT TO BE A PRETTY HEADY WOLF BY NOW!

PUG-YOU'VE HIT IT!

U-HIT IT?!

YES, NOT THE WORK OF A HEADY WOLF, BUT A WEREWOLF!!

YOU MEAN A GUY THAT'S NORMAL IN THE DAY TIME AND AT NIGHT THINKS HE'S A WOLF?

YES, AND SOMETHING ABOUT THAT APPEALED TO THE DEADS DECENTLY!

GO INTO OUR FILES AND BRING OUT EVERY NEWSPAPER FOR THE LAST MONTH- AND HURRY!

HERE THEY ARE, BOSS!

GOOD- WE'LL BOTH START LOOKING FOR ANYTHING THAT MENTIONS THE WORD WEREWOLF!

AND THE SHARP EYES OF THE CLOCK AND PUG SEARCH PAGE AFTER PAGE-----

SUDDENLY—
PUG—LOOK HERE!
DAILY

WEALTHY YOUNG WRITER RETURNS FROM LONDON.
PRESCOTT TAUNTON RETURNED FROM ENGLAND TODAY AFTER A SIX MONTHS VISIT WHERE HE DELVED DEEPLY INTO THE STUDY OF LYCANTHROPY.

LYCANTHROPY—AND WHAT'S THAT?
A WORD THAT EXPRESSES POSITIVE CREDENCE IN THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MAN INTO A LOWER ANIMAL—AND IN ENGLAND IT IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE WEREWOLF!

I DON'T SEE WHERE THIS THROWS ANY LIGHT ON THE CASE!
FIGURE IT THIS WAY

IN EVERY CASE THE VICTIM WAS A PUBLISHER—TAUNTON TRIED TO SELL HIS WORK AND WAS TURNED AWAY—THE THOUGHTS OF DOING ALL THAT WORK IN VAIN PROBABLY SHARPED HIS MIND AND HE WENT AFTER ALL PUBLISHERS!

YES, BUT IT SAYS WEALTHY YOUNG WRITER—HIS MOTIVE WOULD BE REVENGE NOT ROBBERY AND EVERY VICTIM WAS DOBBED!

THAT'S OBVIOUSLY TO THROW THE POLICE OFF HIS TRAIL!

WELL WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
WE'RE NOT—GET READY!

WITH THE SPEED OF A METEOR, THE CLOCK AND PUG HEAD FOR THE HOME OF PRESCOTT TAUNTON

A MOMENT LATER, THE CLOCK AND DUG ARE OUTSIDE TRUNTON'S DOOR---

THIS'LL PROVE YOU CAN'T BEAT THE WEREWOLF- NOBODY CAN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
DOWN FALLS THE DOOR.....

NO?

FALL IS FINALLY BROKEN THROUGH

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS, RUE GROWS ANXIOUS.....
IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT IN ON THE RUN!

BELOW, THE CLOCK STANDS HELPLESSLY BY AND WATCHES THE SCENE ABOVE---

Follow The Clock in the September issue of CRACK COMICS

TAKE A TIP FROM A NAVY TORPEDO

SPEED To maintain their fast cruising speed of over 300 m.p.h., U. S. Navy's torpedo bombers must deliver maximum power per pound of weight. Remember this when you [illegible] tires. Get the U.S. Royal Rider. Its stronger, lighter [illegible] Rayon construction means more speed for you.

CONTROL Diving at terrific speed . . . releasing torpedoes point blank a few feet above the sea . . . these planes must have perfect control and maneuverability. In U. S. Royal Riders, 7 riding ribs plus 3 traction ribs control skids, assure quick stops on wet roads or dry.

STRENGTH Power and strain from heavy loads, quick dives and pull-outs call for the strongest yet lightest metal construction. [illegible] Cords in Royal Rider Tires give you this same kind of strength the Navy builds into torpedo planes.

If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Train Your Feet for Active Sports

"You Don't Have To Sit in the Stands Unless You Want To," says FRANK LEAHY

Where a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask, "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to teams I had played on, teams I had coached. I thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in variety games. Then I answered the boy, "Your dad is correct, sonny. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department, six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first strangers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Frank Leahy

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